THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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All My Springs Are in Thee.

TEACH ME, O Lord, the sacrament of art! Teach me Thy real presence in the efforts after earthly beauty! Reveal to me that my poetic moments, my musical moments, my artistic moments, are moments of unconscious prayer, expressions of my want of Thee! I need Thee in the temple of nature as much as I need Thee in the temple of grace. Why do I fancy other scenes than these before me? Why do I depict more perfect forms than life has yielded? Why do I sing more melodious songs than the brook, more stirring anthems than the sea? It is because I am not satisfied. It is because my heart cries out for more than nature—for Thee. I should have no art if I had no religion. I consider the lily of the field, but it does not content me. I consider the song of the brook, but it does not fill me. I consider the joys of life, but they do not come up to me; I was made for Thee. Therefore I paint other fields, I weave other songs, I fancy other joys; and all the time I am in search of Thee. Thou art my picture, my poem, my song; my dream of beauty is a dream of Thee. It is because I have seen Thy face that I seek a new heaven and a new earth; it is because I have heard Thy voice that I aspire to richer than Nature's music. "All my springs are in Thee." —Dr. George Matheson in "Leaves for Quiet Hours."

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"Men are busy searching for new truth these days, that is not their greatest need, but new trust in him, who said, 'I am the truth.'"

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, December 8, 1904

THE STORY OF A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

Not for a long time has a book quite so suggestive and valuable as "Tom Keenan,* Locomotive Engineer," come to the attention of the present writer. It is especially suggestive and valuable at this time, when there is widely prevalent the thought that what the world greatly needs is the evangelistic note in preaching. Tom Keenan isn't a preacher, except as his life is a constant sermon, and has been for many years, ever since he came to a saving acquaintance with Christ. The reading of this narrative would put more evangelistic fervor into the heart of every preacher. How much better for the preacher to have it and read it than to read the last new novel or a dozen of the newest and best! We should feel sorry for the preacher who could read this book with less intense interest than he would read the most interesting novels of the day; and sorry also for the people among whom he might be ministering.

But it isn't a book for the preacher; that is, it isn't a book for the preacher only; it is just as much a book for every Christian layman as it is for the preacher, and the reading of it would send many out along the lines of a far more effective Christian service.

Since the days when Tom Keenan began railroading, there have been great changes in the characters of those men of the road to whom people who travel entrust their lives. It is now as the author says: "While it is true that railroads are operated by a system of schedules, rules, and regulations, the violation of which results in severe penalty to the offenders, it is also true that without helpful environment of a moral and Christian character the most rigid discipline has been known to fail. Men chafe under restraint, and the severest penalties will not deter some from violating rules, when right motive and principle are lacking. Unless railroad employees are actuated by high moral or Christian principle—preferably the latter—men are apt to become careless and indifferent to the observance of rules and regulations, which carelessness in railroad business is disastrous both to life and property."

The amount of dissipation and drinking among railroad men,—engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen,—thirty and forty years ago, as it is revealed somewhat in this book, will be a revelation to the average reader. The wonder is that there was not more destruction of life and property than there was. With such men at work to-day, when the railroad traffic is immense, the loss would be appalling.

Tom Keenan was one of the drinking men who in those early years were endangering the lives of people traveling on the railroads; but the gospel message laid hold of him, transformed him, and for thirty years or more he has been carrying men safely, not only on their journeys over the earth, but helping them along on the journey toward the blessed land beyond.

One can not read the story of this transformation, and of all which came from it, without being profoundly impressed with the power of the gospel. All in all, it is a modern miracle. That is why we regard the book in which the story is told as one of high value. In it there is a spiritual tonic. Seeing what moral and Christian heroes the gospel has made out of many of the rough men of the road, and the high value of their lives after touched by that transforming power, people will have a greater desire to be the instruments in the hands of God of such transformations in other lives.

That was not much which a brakeman said to a prominent citizen of a little New Jersey town one night as he was lighting him from the caboose, but it was a word fitly spoken, and brought forth good fruit. The prominent citizen was allowed by the superintendent of the railroad to ride from the city late at night in the caboose of a freight train. As he stood with the brakeman one night on the steps of the caboose, the brakeman, holding his lantern so that the man might see where to step as he alighted, that brakeman said: "Just as I am lighting the way so that you may drop off in safety, so the Lord Jesus is lighting your pathway through life." They were words which led the man a little later to "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

An uncut diamond was Pete Hubbard, one of the men mentioned in this book. He was crude in speech and manner, but his worth is shown in the remark of the little girl: "Pa, if I could only get into Pete Hubbard's coat-pocket, I am sure that I would get to heaven, for if anybody is going there, he is." He was only a switchman, but his life pointed heavenward. It is said of him: "Standing at the switch as the trains went flying by, tall of stature as he was, with his arm extended over his head, his finger would point heavenward, and although the noise of the train might drown his words, the engineer and trainmen knew that he was saying to them "Look up!" Thought, it is said, would naturally suggest to a person looking on a memorial window in a church in Newark, N. J., that it was for some philanthropist or benefactor of the city.

*Tom Keenan, Locomotive Engineer. Edited by Neason Jones. F. H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago; pages 280; $1 net.

But it is, in fact, in loving memory of this humble switchman, now gone on to his heavenly reward.

And as to Tom Keenan himself? He is consigned now to what he calls "the scrap heap." He is too old and worn to be any longer a locomotive engineer; but each Sunday finds him in some church or railway association rooms telling the old story of Jesus and his love. The railroad men and others whom he has led to Christ would, if listed, put to shame perhaps some star preachers. Tom Keenan! you have been of more worth to the world than many millionaires whom we might name. We thank you for your story. When the call comes for you to go hence, you'll get your wish. Your brethren of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association will carry your casket to its resting place, and when some one says, "Tom is dead," they will say: "No, Tom lives. For Jesus said: 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'"

We wonder sometimes whether some voice is not speaking in these days as it spoke to Tom Keenan in the early years of his Christian life and work. One Sunday he had stood up on some boxes in a railroad freight yard in Jersey City, and had spoken out of the fulness of his heart to the people gathered there. The next day a New York paper spoke of him as a big red-faced engineer and gave him quite a scathing. Some one seemed then as he read it to be saying in his ear: "There you are again. You have made a nice show of yourself. You had better stay at home hereafter, and not attend such meetings." A few weeks later, he heard a man testify as follows in a meeting in a church in Jersey City: "One Sunday morning, not long ago, I started for New York to have a good time, and that usually meant getting drunk. When I got down by the freight house, I saw a big crowd, and went over to see what was going on. When I got there, I saw that man," pointing to me, " get up on a box and tell that he had been a wicked man and how God had saved him, and I saw that, as I was living the same kind of life, I, too, needed to be saved. Instead of going to New York, I went back behind some freight cars and wept as I never had done before. I immediately turned to God, who has forgiven the sins of my past life, and I want to thank God for that man's getting up on that box that morning and telling what God had done for him.'"

It is said that the man cried for joy as he spoke. And Tom Keenan said: "Lord, bring on the boxes! I'll get up on them anywhere to tell about Jesus, if it will help to save souls like this man, and redeem them from lives of sin."

That is the spirit of the Master; that was Paul's spirit; that has been the spirit of every mighty worker for and with God.

One can not hear such experiences as Dr. Dawson, of London, has been telling in this country lately, and fail to feel that God is leading his people out of some of the conventionality of recent years.

Acorns From Three Oaks.

Aloha.

I plead for your personal influence in behalf of the largest reasonable helpfulness of the State towards the new Sempervirens Park—or Big Basin, as it is popularly called. It is not in my county, and I have no narrow material interest in it. On the principle that parks for the people cost less than slums, that coffee-houses do more good than saloons, that libraries do not encourage loafing, that mechanics of modest means should have as wholesome resorts as automobile moguls, I advocate this splendid camping-ground among the mighty redwoods. It is not lofty, like Darjeeling; nor stupendous, like the Canyon of the Colorado; nor of multiform variety, like Yellowstone Park; but it is worthy of the large California cities which are near it. Families which can not soon afford to visit Shasta Springs, or Yosemite, or the Kings River Canyon, even at the high prices labor now brings to the skillful, can reach the waterfalls, glens, ferns and varied wonders of the most splendid grouping of immense redwoods on our marvelous coast for less than a day's wage. The grim signs, "No campers": Picnics keep out," need not annoy them if they go with gentle teams and modest camp outfit, for the gracious and gentle warden will as surely point them to a privileged camping-ground as he would the governor himself. There is room for all the boys' brigades in the cities, and I thing the governor's camp affords suitable drilling ground for all the half-military cadets. They say good soldiers sometimes dodge behind trees when bullets zip. It might be aspiring young battalions would need to dodge some trees rather than undertake to chop them down. Not the least of the attractions of the bewitching woody retreat is the presence of a kindly lady warden, who chaperones the ladies who are assigned to camps close to her own.

It may be news to some of you that there is a movement on foot to give back to the United States government the Yosemite Park, which Uncle Sam gave to the State of California. Since the gift was made to the State, the United States government has reserved as a special forest preserve a large tract of land outside of, surrounding, and including Yosemite Park. This causes a complication and sometimes embarrassment in authority and care. I can not find any trace of scheming or unworthiness of motive in the suggestion that the entire ownership of the magnificent park be vested in our munificent government. It is worthy of such ownership and of the generous care such a government can take of such a property. Californians will miss no privilege or courtesy now afforded them. El Capitan will not be removed to the archives at Washington, as Cairo mummies have been taken to the British Museum. The South Dome will yet stay in the confines of California, and native daughters who wash their faces in Mirror Lake will yet feel their high prerogative as possessors of the greatest accessible wonderland of earth. Besides, and here comes in the only possible question of disinterestedness on the part of those who suggest this transfer—the State can then afford to put into Sempervirens Park, with some effectiveness, the forty thousand dollars voted annually which now do not begin to accomplish all that is desired for Yosemite. I find my warrant for interest in this matter in the sentiment of Terence: "Homo sum, nihil humani a me alisnum esse

puto." It is as Christian a duty to energize in behalf of clean pleasures as it is to fight unclean ones. I do not minimize missions and Sunday-schools when I argue that an excursion into the cathedral of the big trees might have a wholesome effect on a hoodlum. It ought to affect a greedy millionaire. It ought to take the nonsense out of a giddy girl or a wild youth. It might, if the excursion were taken under inspiring leadership.

The legislature is to be approached this winter with an appeal to build ten miles of road into the new park, so that San Francisco may have a direct driveway there, via San Mateo and Redwood City. The road is a special object of interest to three counties, either one of which could build it if they would, but the State can do it better than the hesitating and not always harmonious supervisors of three counties. You all have votes and voices, brethren. You have influence, and you know to whom to write letters. Take an interest in this popular pleasure ground for the sake of others, even if your personal ambitions soar to the snowy peaks of Alaska or the gigantic, roaring falls of the Victoria Nijanza. He who loves men will welcome every agency for their betterment. We can not do Henry Riis' work for the "other half" who live in New York, but we can act for the workingmen of California, and be men of California in our work as watchful and discriminating citizens.

A TRIP EASTWARD.

IV.

W. W. Lovejoy.

Continuing our notes on the International Congress at St. Louis: We were delighted with President Hyde of Bowdoin College, who spoke in the education section on "The American College," its necessity in the educational institution series. Is the university to supplant the college, as many have thought and feared? To us President Hyde answered the question finally by going to the root of the matter. What does the American college stand for? What is its distinctive work? Liberal culture, to build up a well-rounded manhood; to fit the student for a social service in whatever calling he may choose; to bring all its forces to bear on the acquisition of personal power and moral freedom. In the college the studies are chosen to this end—the Humanites or Liberal Arts. The college professor—"a rare article," by these instruments, imparts his own spiritual force and ideals. It is the traditional myth of Mark Hopkins and the student on either end of a log. The community life of a town is another important factor. In its social functions the student shares and learns to know himself in the mirror of society. Fraternity life, in President Hyde's judgment, also helps in this way.

The university, on the other hand, is less concerned with character and ideal manhood. Its training is for practical utility and the money-learning values of special knowledge or skill. The professor is chosen not so much for his spiritual force as for his German training. He is less in contact with his students; many of them he hardly knows at all in a personal way. The student is left very much to his own devices. Social functions may begin and end with "receptions" in crowded rooms, at president's or wealthy donor's residence.

President Hyde was followed by Miss M. Carey Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr College. With great force and earnestness she built up a like argument for the indispensableness of the smaller college for the spiritual ends of true culture so necessary in a democracy. In this work she claimed the needed help of the common school teacher in her or his religious attitude and religious service, apart from any use of the Bible, or any teaching specifically churchly.

Miss President Wooley of Mt. Holyoke, in a ten-minute speech showed a fine grasp of the subject, and President King of Oberlin, of whom more anon, concluded the discussion.

President Hyde's definition of schoolmaster, university professor and college teacher, ought to become permanent conceptions in the educational world. The first is good for the necessary "grind," and so "good;" the second was good for his subject, which was about all he cared for, or needed to; the last cared for students, in most human and Christlike way. No man not a Christian ought to be a college professor was the conclusion of the whole matter.

Of the religious life of students President Hyde spoke a very unconventional word. Religious students were of two sorts. The one was a model young man. Early in his course he joins the college church and Y. M. C. A.; he exhorts in students' prayer-meetings and is known as a religious man. He avoids athletics, keeps company chiefly with his kind and is not much seen in the social life of the town. The other type is prominent in athletics and in all the life of the college and the town. In his struggles for the better life he is "unconsciously" Christian, and when he joins the church his life is set in the right direction. The speaker's sympathies were clearly with the muscular type of Christianity.

After general Christian culture comes theology—let me conclude with that. It is Prof. B. W. Bacon of Yale, who is speaking in the New Testament section. His theme, "The Divine Sonship of Jesus," which he repeated the Sunday following in Dr. Patton's church as a sermon. Our notes concern that form of the address. "He that doeth the will of my father the same is my brother and sister and mother," was the text. "Son of God" in contemporary Jewish literature—Talmud and scripture, was a term applied to Israel, the Messianic people. Israel was God's Son. To the nation were applied also the terms, "my only begotten," "my holy one," "my beloved." All were used of Israel, for whom, according to the Rabbins, the world was created. Jesus was justified in taking these designations to himself as the representative of Israel. At first it did not mean Davidic sovereignty or metaphysical origin, but character and destiny; in this sense Jesus was the Son. But all messianic titles were thus interchangeable between the individual and the nation; between the Christ and the people Israel. "Out of Egypt have I called my Son," etc. Son of Man and Son of God were said to be equivalent terms. Thus Jesus was the Son to lead other sons to glory; and one sonship means character and destiny. Son, Father, were Old Testament conceptions transfigured by Jesus. The whole thought of sonship in Christ was brought to bear on sonship in the disciple. "The Father has no vengeance in his heart and he demands the like spirit of his sons. 'Ye therefore shall be perfect;' that is, in this sense of impartial kindness." Sonship means also freedom. All things are delivered unto Me, as a Son, Take my yoke, therefore not that of the Law. "If the Son make you free ye shall be free indeed." The sermon showed a fine historical sense wholly

subordinated to ethical and spiritual uses.

There are still to be mentioned the very valuable addresses by Prof. Harnack of Berlin, of Prof. Reville of the faculty of Protestant Theology of Paris and of President King of Oberlin, which I have reserved till the last.

Book Reviews.

"That Sweet Story of Old." By Margaret Sangster. This Life of Christ for young people will, undoubtedly, find a wide welcome. Mrs. Sangster always writes beautifully and inspiringly. The author well says concerning the book that it is written with great simplicity so that mothers and children may read it together, and yet that it is not limited to little children, that its message is to the older young people still in training for life and its activities. We feel confident that in any home where there are children a dollar and a quarter could not be better spent at this Christmas time than in the purchase of this book. It contains in Bible words the main parts of the gospel story with such comments interspersed by Mrs. Sangster as to make it the best book of the kind that has come to our attention. Although written for the young, the older folk will enjoy it also. [F. H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago; pages 262, $1.25.]

"Sermons by the Monday Club." For years the Monday Club sermons on the International Sunday-school Lessons have had a hearty welcome by a large number of people. The volume for 1905 is up to the usual high standard. It has been well said concerning it: "It is not a commentary on the lesson or a substitute for one. It is rather a series of fresh, illuminating interpretations of the various subjects in their larger aspects, such as cannot help suggesting new lines of thought and new applications of the lesson truths to the life of to-day." The price is $1.25, but to Sunday-school teachers the special price is $1.00, postpaid. The Pilgrim Teacher is another good lesson help. It is issued each month. The price is 50 cents a year. Any one can secure The Pilgrim Teacher and the Monday Club Sermons for 1905, postpaid, for $1.40. Combined, they would give fine equipment for the most intelligent study of the Sunday-school lessons. [The Pilgrim Press, Boston, Chicago, and New York.]

"The Pilgrim Hymnal." This is a hymnal which we can heartily recommend to the churches. It has been edited by Charles L. Noyes and Charles L. Ziegler. Associated with them in the editorial work were Washington Gladden and Frederic Field Bullard. Suggestions were asked and received from a large number of representative Congregationalists, and still others have acted somewhat as an advisory cabinet. There is a large number of the good old familiar hymns and tunes, and it is thought by the editors that about one half of the hymns can be used from the outset by almost any church, and fully two-thirds by congregations musically more advanced. In all there are 547 hymns, filling 425 pages. The Responsive Readings fill 77 pages. Other pages are given to, unison confessions, calls to worship, offertory sentences, etc. The Hymnal is admirably indexed as to hymns, tunes, subjects, readings, etc. Many years have been spent in its preparation. It certainly merits the earnest consideration of every church desiring a satisfactory hymnal. [The Pilgrim Press, Boston.]

"The Prospector." By Ralph Connor. To mention a book by Ralph Connor is to mention one that is well worth reading. During the last four years his books have had a sale of more than a million copies, and they are books that will last with the years. They make for those things which are best and enduring. The one before us now is "A Tale of the Crow's Nest Pass," and it leads into the life of early mining days in the Canadian Northwest. The present writer has dipped into about an hundred pages of it, and pauses there to say to the readers of this paper that they will not make a mistake by buying this book for themselves or friends at this Christmas time. It has the tonic of The Sky Pilot. It shows how a great resolve and a great sacrifice can lift a man far above all things small and common. "The Prospector" is certain to have a large sale, a royal welcome, and to be an inspiration in many a life. So confident were the publishers of the great success of the book that the first edition comprised fifty thousand copies. [F. H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago; pages, 401; $1.50. For sale by L. H. Cary, 23 Grant Avenue, San Francisco.]

"Divided." By Clara E. Laughlin. This is a beautiful and touching little story, based on the poem by Jean Ingelow, entitled "Divided." The volume is one of the Art Gift Book Series, with nicely ornamented pages, and will undoubtedly find its way into the hands of many people this holiday season. In a fine picture on the cover a stream is seen coursing it way through wood and field, widening as it goes. The poem by Jean Ingelow represented a boy and a girl standing at first with clasped hands, one on one side of a little stream, the other on the other side, and then divided as they moved along the ever widening stream, and as the years bore them also from boyhood and girlhood to manhood and womanhood. The girl in the story ponders this poem and wonders why, when they found themselves divided, one did not cross over to the other side. Later, grown to womanhood and separated from one whom she loved while he was ambitiously seeking alone a career, she knew why she did not cross the stream dividing them. It has been said, "All's well that ends well." This story ends well for the young woman and the young man concerned; but the former would have been saved from some sorrowful days if the latter had crossed sooner the stream which divided them. The story is a very suggestive one. They who read it will think about it. [F. H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago; pages 92; 75 cents net.]

"The Religious Education Association." The theme at the meeting this year in Philadelphia was "The Bible in Practical Life." The addresses given at that meeting are published in this volume, which is well worth having and reading. The addresses and papers fill 514 pages out of 640, the others being given mostly to a report of the proceedings of the convention and to a list of members. The sessions of the convention were devoted to a consideration by some of the ablest men of our country to such themes as the following: The Bible in Religious Experience; Religious Education in the Home; The Bible in Education; Sunday-Schools; Churches and Pastors; Theological Seminaries; Universities and Colleges; Public Schools; Young People's Societies; Christian Associations; Libraries; The Press; Summer Assemblies; Religious Art and Music. There were several addresses or papers on each of the themes, and discussion followed. These are given in full. To show the scope of

the convention and of the book we give the topics under the theme, Religious Education in the Home: The Religious Opportunity of the Home, by Dr. Ira Landrith; The Art of Telling Bible Stories, by Prof. R. G. Moulton; Memory Work in Character Forming, by Dr. W. L. Hervey; Literature as a Means of Religious Education in the Home, by Prof. Caleb T. Winchester. In this report will be found considered and discussed most of the great questions before the church of today, and accordingly much valuable material. Members of the Religious Education Association who have paid the enrollment fee of one dollar and two dollars as annual fees receive the book free. To others the price is $2. We expect to make further reference to and use of this volume in the columns of this paper. [The Religious Education Association, 153 La Salle St., Chicago.]

"Thirty-One Revival Sermons." By Louis Albert Banks. Dr. Banks is one of the most successful preachers of the day in winning men and women for Christ. These sermons are on themes drawn from the lives of Elijah and Elisha. In them are many fine seed thoughts both for the preacher and the teacher. At a time when there seems everywhere a desire to restore the evangelistic note in preaching these sermons by this successful preacher ought to be full of helpful suggestiveness. We give a few of the topics: The Source of a Sinner's Trouble; The Nemesis Which Follows the Sinner; Cleansing the Fountain; Made Strong for Life's Battle; A Young Man's Call; The Hour of Decision; The Still Small Voice. No one can read these sermons and fail to get into his preaching more of the evangelistic if in that respect he is lacking. In one of the sermons Dr. Banks says: "Before every man and women among us God sets the beautiful and glorious character of Jesus Christ as a model and an inspiration. He summons us to be like Jesus. He promises us that if we will let him put his hand upon ours, if we will permit him to clothe us with the divine armor, and if through persistent and continued struggle we will smite utterly to death all sin, we may rise step to step into the likeness of Jesus Christ, so that at last, when we see him in heaven, we shall know him, and we shall be like him. What folly that with such an outlook we should be so easily satisfied; that, offered the highest, we should be contented with such low estate. How pitiful that with the most glorious, the most beautiful character in all history offered us to wear and enjoy, we should wear such humble robes, oftentimes so bedraggled and tattered. Oh, it is the most pitiful thing in all human life, that God's help offered us, and Christ's glorious character appealing to us, we should walk with lagging steps, and climb with our faces often turned back towards our Sodom and Gomorrah. May the spirit of the living God speak to us, and arouse us out of our lethargy, and awake us to a new energy and devotion!" There is a lesson here not only for those who are preached to, but for those who preach. [F. H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago; pages 277; $1 net.]

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

By Dr. Johns D. Parker.

Christianity has been likened to a deep crystal lake nestling in the mountains. The mountain brooks flow into it, the breezes ripple its surface, and the stars mirrow themselves in its silent depths. Sometimes the waters break over the banks and flow down into the plains carrying fertility to the vegetation. How delightful it is on a hot day to hear the running brook babbling over the stones. In a similar way Christianity as a system of spiritual facts and forces lies nestling in mountains of truth. Spiritual breezes from the heavenly places ripple the surface, and the orbs of God's love shining in the deep heavens are mirrowed in the silent depths. Sometimes from some overflow of divine love, or some spiritual current Christianity breks over the obstructions of this world and pours down to revive righteousness. Nothing is more refreshing to the Christian than to see the currents of divine grace flow through the parched places of this world. The devout Christian is apt to say "Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years."

* * *

It is more necessary that Christians be faithful than to be even successful. A faithful Christian is generally successful. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." The Christian should be like the faithful sentinel at Pompeii, who rather than prove unfaithful unto his trust, stood erect with his sword drawn until the ashes settled down upon him and buried him in a living grave. There has never been a time in the history of the world when faithfulness was more necessary than now. When an army is half defeated they sometimes become desperate and do desperate things. Satan is nearly vanquished, and he is doing desperate things. Let us be faithful.

* * *

It is true that a great many men in the Eastern states appear better than they really are. Living in the East is like being hooped up by the influences of society. In the West a man does not have much to restrain him. He shows just what he is. There is such a moral tone in the very atmosphere in the East that men feel restrained in their actions. Some one said that men in the East and in the West do not differ materially, but in the East men are restrained by society, but in the West men act out their true selves. There is some truth in this. A man who had a good reputation in the East went to California in the early days. His companions said that before he reached California he became profane. A true Christian will be the same in both the East and West.

The Rev. J. R. Knodell finished his work at Santa Cruz last Sunday, and he and Mrs. Knodell will spend a few weeks now in the restful atmosphere of Brookdale in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Mr. Knodell has not yet accepted the call from the church at Everett, Wash., but we are of opinion that this will follow ere long, and that we shall lose him from our California fellowship. Monday night, a farewell reception was given Mr. and Mrs. Knodell in the church at Santa Cruz. There was a large attendance, and a well-filled purse was presented as one of the tokens of the esteem in which they are held, and will continue to be held, in Santa Cruz. We hope that the rest of a few weeks will make it possible for Mr. Knodell to enter again on the pastorate, so that the good work at Santa Cruz and elsewhere may be repeated in other fields. All things indicate that he will soon be ready again for the work. The closing service at Santa Cruz last Sunday was a communion service. It was an occasion long to be remembered—one of great helpfulness and inspiration to all. There was one accession to the church, a young man uniting on confession of faith.

THE 60th ANNIVERSARY AT OREGON CITY.

By George H. Himes.

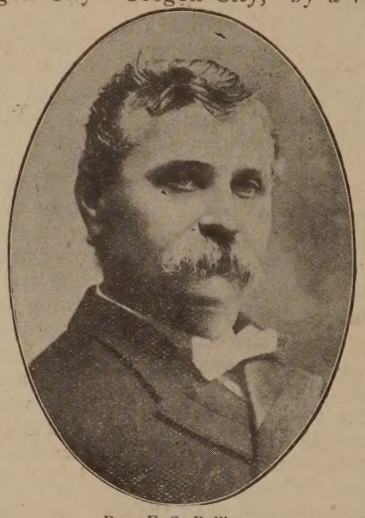
It is a far cry from 1844 to 1904—three score years—humanly speaking. And as the world goes the mightiest events of eighteen centuries have been enacted in that span of years.

If it were possible it would be interesting to know just what was in the minds of three Christian men who, without design apparently, met in Oregon City early in the first year above mentioned. Among other things it is certain that they must have talked of the church of God. For it is evident that their hearts burned within them with a great desire for Christian fellowship; and having the assurance of Christ that "where two or three are met together I will be in their midst," they straightway, on May 25, 1844, organized a Christian church. Who were these men? Peter H. Hatch, a member of the Congregational church of Woburn, Mass., Robert Moore, a member of a Presbyterian church in Pennsylvania, but who came from Illinois to Oregon, and Orville Russell, a trapper from Maine, raised in a Baptist family, and who had been converted while reading his Bible in his hunter's cabin in the Rocky Mountains. These were the men who covenanted together to walk with each other and with Christ, to walk in the way of his steps as far as they could learn from his word. Mr. Hatch was elected deacon, and out of deference to Mr. Moore, who was much the oldest man of the three, and like some other old men we wot of, "set in his way," the church was called "The Presbyterian Church of the Willamette Falls."

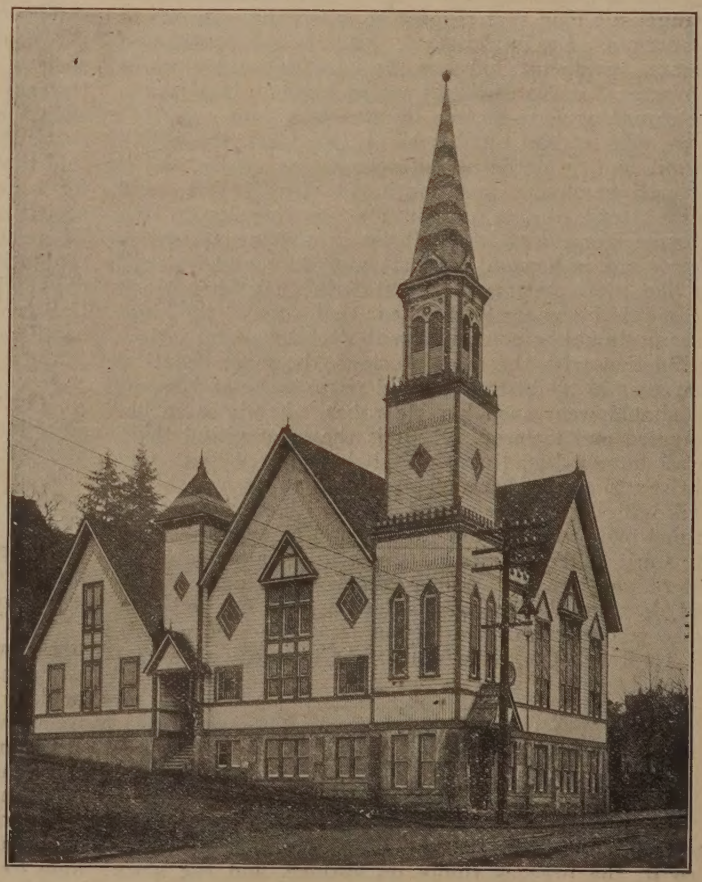
When Dr. Atkinson and his wife arrived on June 21, 1848, they found a church of seven members, four men and three women, with services scarcely once a month. Deacon Hatch came four miles on foot, or with his ox team, from his farm north of Clackamas river, with his wife and baby, and two small children of his first wife, to superintend the Sunday-school. To follow a trail through the primeval forest, ford the rivers, camp under the trees, build log houses with puncheon floors, many of them were earth floors, with chimneys built up of sticks plastered with clay, pack sacks of flour, sugar and coffee, and all other necessaries of life upon their backs, half a dozen or more miles, was not thought to be an unusual hardship. About all the early settlers had a like experience, and scarcely any one thought anything of it.

On June 23, 1848, Dr. Atkinson preached his first two sermons in the south room of the house owned by Deacon Hatch on the bank of the river at the corner of Fourth and Water streets. Within a few weeks regular services were held every Sunday, also Sunday-school, in a hired room on Main street known as the "Court room," which Hiram Clark, M. H. Perrin and a few others had fitted up with a pulpit, seats, etc., and secured the rent for a year. An afternoon service was held in Linn City, where Mr. Moore lived. Samuel S. Thurston, a classmate of Dr. Atkinson's, who in 1849 was elected the first delegate to Congress from Oregon, also lived there, and attended the services regularly.

In 1849, Mr. Moore having withdrawn to unite in forming a Presbyterian church in Linn City, the name was changed to "The First Congregational Church of Oregon City," by a vote of eight to one. Then a society was incorporated under an act by the first legislative assembly of the Territory of Oregon. The lot upon which the church now stands was secured by Mr. Clark, before mentioned, for $250, which was paid for by himself and a few other friends. Dr. McLaughlin gave lots to the church, but they were too far up on the hill to be available. After two years of experience in renting a church edifice was erected at a cost of $3,900, and it was dedicated in August, 1850, Rev. J. H. Wilbur of the M. E. church, Rev. H. Johnson of the Baptist church, and Rev. St. Michael Fackler of the Episcopal church, assisting in the ser-



Rev. E. S. Bollinger.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OREGON CITY, OREGON

vices. Once an attempt was made to rent part of the pews—half of them at $15 and 20 a year—in order to help pay for them. Three were rented, and one Sunday morning a gentleman came and was about to take a seat whereupon the occupant whispered, "This is my pew." He tried to get a seat in the next pew, but that was occupied by a renter also. The gentleman then turned on his heel and left the church, muttering, as he went out, "I paid something for this church, but if they rent the seats I will not come here any more." And he never did, save to a funeral.

When Dr. Atkinson preached his fifteenth anniversary sermon, June 28, 1863, 82 names had been enrolled on the church records, seven of which were there when he began his work. The average paid by the church and congregation for all purposes was $1,043.92 per year. The pastor received from the Home Missionary society $542.85 per year, and this was added to by the people at the rate of $271.53 per year, making his total salary $813.38.

The exercises in commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Oregon City church began on Tuesday evening, November 15, with a sermon by Rev. J. J. Staub, of the Sunnyside Church, Portland. The following evening, Rev. Dr. William C. Kantner, of the Salem First Church, preached a sermon. Thursday evening was devoted to a similar service. Friday evening's services were opened by Rev. D. B. Gray, a former pastor, who recalled "memories of the past." Indeed, that was the keynote of the evening. Your correspondent spoke briefly of the first time he attended service at this church—Feb. 11, 1866—and of the Bible class then taught by Mrs. Sarah McCue, long since gone to her rest. He also brought the greetings of an old pioneer lady, Mrs. Porter, who was a worshipper in this church in the winter of 1851-52, just after reaching Oregon from a journey across the plains. She desired to record her grateful remembrance of the kindness of Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson and wife in connection with the church, as she was an orphan girl, without near relatives in this region at that time. For many years, Mrs. Porter has been a member of the Forest Grove Church, but has been bedfast now for eight years, as a result of a paralytic stroke. He also referred to the influence of a member of this church upon his life in urging upon him the opportunity for usefulness in endeavoring to record somewhat of the progress of the church life throughout this State by means of sending letters to our coast Congregational paper, The Pacific. This lady's name was Mrs. S. C. Hatch.

Rev. H. N. Smith, of the C. S. S. & P. S., said that while he could not recall any personal memories of the past, yet it had been a privilege on his part to meet recently one brother, Mr. Cyrus T. Lacey, a former member, who now was, and had been for many years, on the picket line of duty far in the interior, more than four hudred miles from the mother church. Here he had established a Sunday-school many years ago, and had been the principal factor in maintaining it, until now it had grown to a church and was a great blessing to the community—all from the seed-sowing in this church nearly a half century ago.

Mrs. Thomas Charman referred brifly to her first connection with the church, more than fifty years ago, and that so far as was known she was the oldest member now living. In connection with her remarks, a fine crayon portrait of Dr. Atkinson, the first pastor, the gift of his daughter, Mrs. Anna S. Warren, of the Portland First Church, was presented. This timely gift was most gratefully received by the church, and an appropriate response was made by Deacon C. H. Dye. A series of resolutions thanking the donor was unanimously passed.

Mrs. M. M. Charman, another old member, recalled her early connection with the church, and particularly the influence of the Bible, as taught in the Sunday-school, upon her life.

Mr. E. T. Hatch, a son of Deacon Hatch, one of the founders of the church, was accidentally discovered in the audience, hence he was called for and responded out of a full heart, overflowing with thankfulness as he recalled the trials his mother and father underwent in laying deep foundations in faith, in trust, in hope, in personal consecration, which has resulted in scattering abroad the good news of salvation to so many.

A brief social hour and reunion was then the order, with light refreshments following, altogether making the evening one long to be remembered.

On Sunday, November 20, the anniversary sermon was preached by Rev. Plutarch Stewart Knight, pastor in 1865-67.

The present pastor of the church, Rev. E. S. Bollinger, was born of Pennsylvania German parents at York, Pa., on Oct. 16, 1859. He was educated at York County Academy, and was graduated at the Shippenburg State Normal School, at which afterwards he took a post-graduate course. He was ordained as a minister in the Evangelical Church in 1889 after taking the prescribed course in theological training for four years. Mr. Bollinger came to Oregon in the fall of 1888, locating in Salem, where he served the Evangelical Church as pastor for three years. After that he received the appointment of superintendent of the State Blind School, in which position he served four years. He was admitted to the State Congregational Association of Oregon in 1894, and became the pastor of the Astoria Congregational Church in October, 1895, and continuing until March, 1899, at which time he was called by the Oregon City Church, which he has served most acceptably ever since. In 1886, Mr. Bollinger was married to Miss Lillie Frances Deininger, a daughter of Rev. C. F. Deininger, who was one of the first home missionaries of the Evangelical Association in San Francisco.

Portland, Oregon,
Dec. 4, 1904.

OUTLINE OF MEMORIAL SERMON.

At the Sixtieth Anniversary First Congregational Church of Oregon City.

By the Rev. P. S. Knight.

On the sixtieth anniversary of the local Congregational church,—a church that in its three score years of earnest work has met with all the discouragements usual in such work, and yet sees in its past more to be thankful for than to grieve over, in its present more of joy than of sorrow, and as it looks to the future more of hope than of doubt,—it may seem strange, and almost out of place, for your chosen speaker to ask such a question as this:

What is the true Church? Or, in other words, by what form of organized effort are the simple principles of our blessed religion to be preserved and propagated in our world?

In how many different ways the question has been

answered I need not stop to tell you. Count the sects and you will know. The usual appeal of the polity dogmatist is to the Bible. Yet nothing is more striking than the silence of the sacred book on the questions that have given the controversialists most trouble. That any form of outward order in church organization and government is directly prescribed in the New Testament no one who reads the New Testament as he would read another book can possibly claim.

We read incidental allusions to the church, general general and local, but no detailed or exact account of how it came to existence as an organization. Almost on the first page of its history we read that the Lord added to the church; but we have only indefinie hints as to the time, place, or manner of its organization. We read of the choice of one apostle by "The Disciples,"—(Acts i:15). We read of the miraculous call of another apostle (Acts ix:15). We read of the choice and ordination of deacons (Acts vi:5). We read of the ordination and sending out of missionaries (Acts xiii:1-4). But nowhere do we find a statement as to just what the church was as an organization.

We also find allusions to the various officers of the church; but nothing to show that these dignitaries bore any such relation to the early church as they do some of the denominations of our own day. We find such words as "Diakonos," a servant, minister, deacon; "Presbuteros," an elder, a preacher, a presbyter; "Episkopos," an overseer, a bishop; words used in our day in a fixed and specific way, used by primitive Christians in an indefinite, flexible and interchangeable way. For instance, in Ephesians iii:7 the Apostle Paul speaks of himself as a "minister of the sanctuary," Greek "Diakonos." In Romans xiii:4 the civil ruler is called a "minister," "Diakonos." In Acts xx:17 we read how St. Paul on his way to Jerusalem halted at Miletus and sent to Ephesus and called "The elders of the church," Greek "Presbuterous," Latin vulgate "Majores." At verse 28 of the same chapter he addresses these same elders as "Episcopous," overseers or bishops. In all reasonable probability they were simply the officers and elderly and experienced people of a local church. In Philippians i:1 the apostle addresses the local church "with the bishops and deacons," implying a plurality of bishops in a single church.

The word church, Ecclesia," was used in a like indefinite and variable way, sometimes as referring to the whole body of believers, "Fear came upon the whole church;" sometimes to a local assembly of such believers, "Tell it to the church;" sometimes to the general work of Christ, "On this rock will I build my church;" and sometimes to the whole company of those belonging to the whole company in earth and in heaven, as in Hebrews xii:23, "The general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven."

The obvious conclusion from all this is that the early Christians adopted words that were in common use in their time by which to describe their assemblies and officers appointed to various duties in those assemblies, and that they used the words as approximately descriptive, and never as dogmatically prescriptive.

Their organizations were natural growths, not mechanical creations, flexible and varying according to place and circumstances, and finally settling through survival of the fittest into permanent forms of church order. Liberty and flexibility did not prevent harmony and substantial unity. The churches grew as outward organizations, not on foreordained and prescribed patterns, but according to the call of circumstances, the orderings of providence and the helpful leadings of the Holy Spirit. It was the "enthusiasm of Jesus" that gave the impulse. It was the ministry of the Holy Spirit that gave the power. It was the common sense of earnest and discreet men and women, influenced by the power from on high, that gave the outward form.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be then, that if we are to retain or regain the apostolic form and spirit in church order our work is one of simplification rather than one of elaboration.

When I accepted your call to the service I am now trying to perform I asked myself two questions: First, what scripture text most fitly describes the principles for which this local church has stood through the sixty years of its history; secondly, what text most clearly sets forth the New Testament ideal of a local church? I now answer both these questions by quoting a single text: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

1. We have here a hint to the number necessary to form a gathering—a church. It may sound a little strange to say that any number more than two may form a church, but that only illustrates how lightly we estimate the value of a soul and how little we really appreciate the simple methods of the Master. It was for one lost sheep that the shepherd went to the desert, and that two or three are as dear to him as the crowd that gathers at the call of chiming bells in the great cathedral.

2. We have more than a hint in this text that any number of persons, few or many, that wish to claim its promise be "Gathered together." I think we may understand this as something more than accidental, haphazard, indefinite coming together with no definite purpose in view. We may understand this gathering to be orderly, regular and permanent—to have stated times, places and forms of church work and religious worship.

3. We must understand also that this gathering, each time and for all time, must be "In His Name." The true church is everywhere and always of him and for him. It must worship in his name, cultivate his spirit, plan and labor and pray for his work. His Name must be its watchword and rallying cry.

4. Finally, the text indicates to us what is to give the church its true permanence and triumphant power, what is to make it the home of the soul, the joy of every saint, a resting place from toil and danger, a place to go for counsel and help in times of perplexity and sorrow, a very foretaste of "Our Father's House On High:"

"There Am I in the Midst of Them."

After all, is not this the vital question as to church order: Is Jesus in the midst?

Those organizations are the salt of the earth that retain the savor of his spirit. And those churches are the light of the world in the midst of which he, the light giver, walks. Golden candlesticks are they, carved and moulded by the hand of the Spirit, that forever hold aloft, undimmed and glorious, the pure flame of heaven's own saving truth. Wise virgins are they, that when the tumult of the bridegroom's coming disturbs the stillness of the night shall go forth joyfully with lamps all trimmed and burning.

As to the multitude of questions concerning "Orders," "Succession," "Forms," "Ceremonies," and many of those concerning "Doctrines," they are born more often of prejudice than of love for truth, more often of conceit or stubbornness than of reason, more often of sectarian selfishness than of Christian charity, more often of tyrannic bigotry than of common sense. They arise from the constant tendency of the human mind to mistake fiction for fact, forms for realities, and so in the end to substitute churchly ritualism and pulpit millinery for charity, righteousness and the genuine works of the Spirit.

Surely the surest safeguard against the evil tendency of these disputes, and the divisions and discords to which they lead, is to be found by placing a constant emphasis upon the simple methods of the great Master, and by constantly realizing in a high and spiritual sense the abiding presence, with those who ar "gathered together" in the name, of him whose gentle and loving spirit is against all strife, and who as peacemaker and friend, as guardian and guide, as Immanuel —God with us—does not disdain the company of "Two or three."

* * *

Pardon a few personal allusions. As a boy I happened to be in Oregon City in the last days of November, 1854, at the time of your tenth anniversary. As a young pastor I was here at your twenty-first anniversary in 1865. As an old friend and ex-pastor it was my privilege to be here at your fiftieth anniversary in 1894. When you realize all this you will realize something of the difficulty under which I have labored in trying to make an old subject new. But, after all, the history of this modest but progressive local church is a part of "The old, old story," "The story that never grows old." Jesus lives in the hearts and lives of his people as truly as he lives in heaven. May he live in this church in the future even more gloriously than in the past, making it as one of the golden candlesticks that shall hold aloft his glorious and unfailing light.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF BIBLICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

By Rev. J. H. Williams.

[A paper read at the General Association of Congregational churches of Southern California.]

Had I not believed that the results of conservative, constructive Biblical scholarship are now in the main accepted by Christian scholars, and that the fear and uncertainty has largely passed away, I should have been unwilling to attempt the presentation of this subject. More than this, had I not believed that scholarship has given us a better Bible, and put into our hands a more effective instrument for Christian work, I should have felt it was unwise to introduce a subject like this into our program.

The feeling is deep and wide-spread, if I mistake not, that the time is ripe for earnest, united evangelistic work. There is one thing which is sometimes overlooked, however, and that is, that not only has the attitude of mind of scholars and teachers and preachers changed during the past twenty years, but the public mind has undergone a change. We have a different public to deal with than our predecessors had, for scholarship has not done its work in a corner. Its processes may be unknown to the general public, but many of its results have become common property. The fundamental truths which never change are seen through a different atmosphere. The sermons of Jonathan Edwards which produced such a profound impression upon his hearers would fall powerless upon a modern audience. And yet the Bible from which he drew his authority is our authority, the sins of the human heart which he painted so vividly still characterize humanity, and the Christ whom he presented as the only salvation is as ever the only hope of the race. But the world does not stand still. There is advancement along all lines. It is not true that men's conception of religious truth is the only exception to this rule, is the only thing that has not advanced with the progress of the world.

There are two or three things which are important to remember in approaching this subject. One of them is that criticism is not a synonymn for hostility. Many have thought of it simply as an attack upon the Bible, and upon the sacred and treasured traditions of the church. There is, to be sure, a hostile criticism which has for its end and aim the overthrow of Christianity and the Bible. But true criticism is not of this kind. Professor Phelps used to say to his students in Andover Seminary, "Remember that the criticism of a work means first of all and chiefly the examination of that work to discover its merits." Many have forgotten to ask respecting modern Biblical scholarship. "What new excellences in our Bible and traditions has it discovered and brought to light?" The best part, and certainly a very large part, of its work has been in this direction. The information it has gathered, the treasures it has laid at our feet, the light it has thrown upon the authorship, time of writing, sources and importance of the books of the Bible are some of the things for which we are indebted to Biblical scholarship. Again, we need to remember that what we call modern scholarship or criticism is not a thing of a few recent years. Modern as used here is a very extensive word. It covers a period of more than two hundred years, and it has come to what we now call its accepted results through slow and laborious processes. Its methods have not been priore, but most rigidly inductive. Leaving out the word modern, Biblical criticism is as old as the Christian area, and, with the best of reasons, Jesus may be called the first great Old Testament critic. Surely no one has opened up the spiritual treasures of the Old Testament as he has, and no one has been bolder to examine its statements both to approve and to condemn. "Ye have heard that it has been said of them of old time—but I say unto you," shows the fearlessness with which he met the Scripture statements.

And there is one thing more which I want to say as preliminary to this discussion, a thing which I am proud to say before the representatives of a denomination which I love, and into which I have come through a long ancestry, and that is this—we are not afraid to have the light turned on! We are not afraid of our Bible, and are perfectly willing it should be subjected to the most searching criticism. We have never been afraid of scholarship. The denomination with which is linked the founding of so many colleges and universities, is not now afraid of the power which it has invoked.

"The present status of Biblical scholarship." This is the subject before us. We can only outline some of the results at which it has arrived.

First, it has made definite and certain a large portion of the historical narratives of the Old Testament. Before historical criticism had come into prominence there was a vague feeling that many parts of Old Testament narratives were not reliable history. Just what

these were was uncertain, and in the public mind, undefined; but a more or less nebulous suspicion rested upon the Old Testament pages. The danger from such a feeling was all the greater because it could not be located. It was an ambushed enemy, and when it would make its attack and from what part of the scriptures we could not tell. The enemies of the Bible insisted that the uncertainty was there, and also that it was only by shutting our eyes to the fact that we could base any authoritative statements upon these narratives. Modern scholarship came to the rescue. It took up the task fearlessly. The result has been that it has given us a definite message concerning the historical value of a large part of the Old Testament. It has laid the ghost which for so long stalked through the whole historical narrative. It has settled some things beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt. This is not saying that other portions are not trustworthy, but they may be open to doubt. A definite service, however, has been performed concerning the largest part of the narrative, and this after the most searching and exhaustive study. For example, Biblical scholarship says, "Except some eccentric and unfollowed critics, no one doubts that with the time of Samuel we enter real and indubitable history. This great man's influence on Israel, his genius in swaying the new prophetic movement, in launching the large but sluggish powers of Saul upon that movement are facts." The value to us of such a statement from the foremost Biblical scholarship of the world is of great worth. It opens up to us a clear and sure highway of historical truth. These great historical narratives have been edited, different traditions have been used and sometimes so combined as to conflict, but the main thoroughfare of history has been cleared of all uncertainty.

If, in adjusting ourselves to the results of modern scholarship, as we must, we seek first to know what it has to offer of positive statement, what it has settled beyond a peradventure, it will delight us to find how large a territory it has cleared of doubt and uncertainty.

Second, modern scholarship has given us a progressive Bible. This result alone has lifted one of the heaviestiest burdens a Christian student has had to carry in the past. The attempt to reconcile the morality of many parts of the Bible with the character of a righteous God, not to say with the average moral standards of the day, has been an immense strain upon the conscience. When actions were performed for which a man would today be put to death or imprisoned or ostracised; when a spirit was shown which today would be called vindictive or cruel, and we attempted to reconcile these with right, we had to do violence to our moral natures. Grave attempts were made to explain these things and clear the character of God from complicity with cruelty and inhumanity, but they were attempts to explain the inexplicable. That the faith of multitudes of students stood the strain for so long a time can be explained only on the ground of the profound impression the Bible made upon them. They felt in their souls that it must be God's book. They knew they found God in it as nowhere else, and they trusted that somehow and sometime it would be made clear. When keen young men came to their pastors and asked them to explain how God could approve what their own consciences obliged them to condemn, then their pastors were silent, except to enforce lessons which were plain. The severe charges brought by Robert Ingersoll against the morality of many parts of the Old Testament were never answered until scholarship revealed the true standpoint from which to look at the scriptures. Not until we were shown, what devout Bible students now so generally accept, that the Bible is a progressive book, and consequently a really human as well as a divine book—not till then could we answer such questions and meet such charges.

We knew Mr. Ingersoll's charges, from his standpoint, were just, at the same time our deepest consciousness told us that he utterly failed to catch the spirit of the Bible. It is an infinite relief that we no longer have to explain the inexplicable. When modern scholarship is asked, "How do you explain, consistently with a belief in an all-merciful heavenly Father, the imprecatory psalms?" it replies, "We do not attempt it." "How do you reconcile with a perfect standard of morality and a Christian spirit the psalmist's declaration, "Happy shall he be who taketh and dasheth thy little ones against a stone?" "They cannot be reconciled." The Bible shows the growth of moral ideas, and marks the various stages in the morality of a people with whom God had infinite patience until he should come who spake as never man spake. We simply do violence to our moral natures when we seek to place on the same plain the imprecatory psalms and the Sermon on the Mount; or when we place under the same heavenly Father's smile and approval Elisha summoning the bears to tear the little children, and Jesus extending his arms as he says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." This human Old Testament is also a divine book, but as a human book it contains errors and imperfect moral standards. It is, however, the great divine highway leading to Christ.

Third, modern scholarship has redeemed for us several books of the Old Testament, which were more and more being dropped from the thought and study and preaching of Christian men.

The Song of Solomon was losing its hold on the thought of students of the Bible. The ingenious and far-fetched spiritual interpretations of the text were growing distasteful to thoughtful men, and as a consequence the book was practically dropped out of their study and use. But modern scholarship, divesting the book of fanciful interpretations, casting out the legion of spirits which had entered it, now gives it back to us clothed and in its right mind. As a simple love story it brings us its lessons of constancy, purity, and undying devotion.

The book of Job, regarded as veritable history, presented difficulties insuperable save to the man of extreme credulity, but as a dramatic poem it stands unrivalled in the world's literature, and treats the great questions connected with bereavement and pain and loss in a way that no other book approaches.

The book of Jonah, that book which we touched so gingerly, in which the world could see nothing but the story of the great fish, a book which we avoided when we could, but tried patiently to believe might be true—this book now comes forward into the front rank a fine piece of sarcasm, a masterly presentation of the breadth and scope of God's love and grace.

And finally, the book of Genesis! This is not the place to explain the methods and the data used in the critical study of this great book. It is sufficient, perhaps, to say that scholarship has relieved the book of the problems which have occupied the attention of the church through so many years. Regarded as lit-

eral history there is no end to these problems, and no relief from the difficulties constantly arising. But regarded as a book, the frame-work of whose chapters are woven out of legend and tradition, and the picture which this frame-work holds the creative power of God brooding over the elements, bringing order out of chaos, light out of darkness, crowning creation finally with a being in his own image, from there should come in the fulness of time the Son of Man and the Son of God—so regarded it becomes the sublime "Book of Beginnings."

One of the best scholars, and at the same time one of the most devout believers, has said, "A generation hence scholarship with its new natural history of animal life and of man; the modern view of the Bible; the greater development of the teaching of Jesus; the spirit of justice and humanity in the light of which we are trying to find the meaning of existence, will be mastered as swiftly and easily as the children now master the theory of the solar system inherited from Copernicus and his time. A generation hence the frontiers, which are always a place of some confusion, will be a vast and peaceful possession."

A VISIT TO BEYROUT.

By Rev. R. B. Taylor.

[This is the last of a series of articles written by the late R. B. Taylor, of San Diego, concerning his trip to Palestine last spring. Mr. Taylor was drowned in San Diego Bay soon after this article was written. He was pastor of the First Prebyterian Church of that city, and was greatly beloved by people of all denominations.—Editor.]

The passengers on the "Grosser Kurfurst" were honored by having as fellow-travelers Dr. and Mrs. Henry Jessup and their daughter. Dr. Jessup's work in Syria is known around the world, and his presence at the Los Angeles General Assembly in 1903 brought him before the eyes of the whole church in this country, with new interest.

On ship board no man was so highly regarded and no person did more to prepare us for our experiences in the Orient. Lecture after lecture he gave, and always with that stately grace and patriarchal authority which befit his ripe Christian character, his scholarly attainments and his achievements on the foreign field.

Warm was the welcome accorded him on his return to Beyrout, and the pilgrims to Jerusalem were not forgotten in the ovation. The missionaries had done all that was possible to make our stay there a memorable one, and they succeeded admirably.

Our ship had followed almost the course Paul sailed after he bade farewell to the Ephesian elders at Miletus. (See Acts xxi: 1, 2.)

We landed in the morning of April 4th, beneath a genial sky, the landscape flooded with golden sunshine. Beyrout has a population of about 100,000 and its port is much used, as about five thousand five hundred ships enter the harbor annually.

Lying as it does on the sloping hill-side and built up largely of solid stone structures, these being mingled with the foliage of many cemi-tropical plants and having as a background for the picture the Lebanon range, the scene is a most beautiful one. Indeed, I fancied myself in Southern California, almost, and found it difficult to realize that we were ten thousand miles from home.

I had it impressed on me, however, when I went to the French postoffice and tried to buy some stamped envelopes. It took the clerk about twenty minutes to find one. Then I offered him in payment some French coins, which the boatman who rowed me to land had kindly given me in change for a British sovereign. The change he gave me was out of date they informed me, and I was "out" five dollars. One of the marks of a good government is a good currency. We were troubled more on account of the multitudinous coins and their varying values than even by the many languages through which we passed. Some of the Turkish coins were smaller than a Canadian five-cent piece, and some shaped like a wash basin, were almost as large. The value of the different coins no one seemed to know exactly, except the one who was making change for us, and his knowledge was often our loss. Then, too, the value of coins changes from day to day in the Turkish empire, and only an expert can keep his cash account straight.

Our party was escorted to the grounds of the Protestant Syrian College, which are on the heights of the city, surrounded by a stone wall. We were entertained by addresses in the chapel and afterwards by refreshments served on the campus, while President Bliss, surrounded by several scores of his students sang songs of welcome.

The institution is second to none in the Orient. It has an attendance of about 750, nearly twice as large as that of Robert College. The institution if in this country would be dominated a university, for it has schools in medicine, dentistry, law, etc.

The buildings are arranged artistically in the beautiful campus ,and some of them are exceedingly beautiful. There is a peculiar sort of conglomerate rock found near Beyrout with fossil remains in it, which when polished presents a beautiful and striking appearance. There is nothing else like it in the world, so far as is known, and this has been used in some of the buildings with striking ffect.

It was my privilege to talk with young men from Egypt, who had come to Beyrout for their college course. They are affable and bright. I met a young Armenian from the interior, who was studying medicine. He related to me the needs of the people for Christian physicians. We were shown through one of the science halls by a young professor, who is a graduate of the school, and no more affable or intelligent gentleman could be found. The Christian schools are the hope of the Orient.

A visit to the American Press was one of the memorable events of the day. They are turning out 1,000 Bibles per week and the demad is so great that it will take two years to fill their present orders. In connection with this we visited the room where the Bible was translated into Arabic. In that quiet room, with one window, we had a season of prayer. A map of India on the wall reminded us of Carey and his work of Bible translation in Southern Asia. Outside the door is a tablet with the inscription: "In this room the translation of the Bible into the Arabic language was begun in 1848, by Eli Smith, D.D. Prosecuted by him until his death in January, 1857. It was then taken up in October, 1857, by Rev. C. V. A. Van Dyck, M.D., D.D., and completed by him Aug. 23, 1864."

Near here we saw the only Sunday-school chapel in the Turkish empire. It was planned by Dr. Jessups after he had visited many churches in America for the purpose of getting ideas. It is certainly a model. Partitions of glass are used to separate some of the class rooms, and the effect is to brighten the whole chapel.

The first girls' school was founded here also, and a fitting monument marks the site of the first building. In the land where the curse of Islam is on womanhood, it was cheering to see the girls in the seminary as bright and cheerful and apparently as intelligent as young ladies in our own institutions in America.

One of the social events of the day and one we thoroughly enjoyed, was a reception tendered our whole party by some wealthy English people, who reside in Beyrout—Mr. and Mrs. Mott Distan. Their mansion is one of the most elegant in Beyrout. Inside the stone wall surrounding it is a fairy land of tropical plants and flowers, while fountains play perpetually. From the flat stone roof a magnificent view is obtained. Standing there and leaning on the battlement I counted twenty-five villages across on the Lebanon mountains, while Mt. Hermon, where our Lord was transfigured, rose 9,000 feet above, itself transfigured with a crown of snow, gilded with the evening sun.

Refreshments were served by these kind people with charming simplicity, and we were made to feel the charm of hospitality in a far land. Mr. and Mrs. Mott Distan live here for the good they can do in cheering and helping the missionaries. Their home is thrown open to afford them a center of social life, and homesick young ladies, just out from the home-land, are taken in for a week or two; while during vacation, the teachers in the mountains are entertained for a few weeks in the palatial home. This form of missionary effort is unique, but who will say it is not important!

Beyrout is very quiet at night. People do not go out after dark, as there is constant fear of an outbreak of Turkish brutality. About a year ago forty were killed and a massacre was averted only by the presence of two American gunboats in the harbor. The boys were prepared for action, and word was sent by the officers that if fighting did not cease Uncle Sam would take a hand in it.

On account of the uncertainty in Beyrout many of the Christian families were moving to Egypt or out into the villages.

We left Beyrout more sanguine over the work of the missionaries than ever before, and our hearts were throbbing with the anticipation of setting foot on the shore of Palestine on the following morning, to ride from Haifa to Jerusalem, by way of Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee.

San Diego, Nov. 15.

Christian Endeavor Service.

Rev. Herbert N. Bevier.

December 18.

Topic: Whatever he would like to have me do. Matt. vi: 10; John xv: 10.

The words of the topic are taken from the Pledge, and are a reminder that Christian Endeavorers are a covenanted band. They have solemnly entered into an agreement to try to do God's will. Whatever Christ would like to have me do implies just that. We are joined together in a plighted fellowship, in honor bond, to try to carry out the petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done."

This means that we are striving to reach the ideals of the kingdom, which are correctly summarized in that petition. God's will done on earth would mean the "new earth" and the accomplishment of Christ's mission in its fulness.

The crux of this idea for our present purpose, however, is found in that searching word "whatever." It is not enough to do Christ's will in this or that, at one time or in one place, but in everything, always and every place, for there is not an event or circumstance or condition that is not in some manner associated with the divine purpose. God has a mind about everything, and there is a way to do everything according to that mind; yet each of us has power to the contrary, because we are free.

It is an evidence of the image of God amid the wrecks of our fallen race that we are permitted to do God's will voluntarily, not of necessity or by compulsion. Inanimate nature must do God's will, but man, "his best work," is to reach this glorious end in freedom. And one step further, empowered by divine grace, man can.

> So near is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When duty cries aloud, "Thou must,"
> The youth replies, "I can."

The limits of this holy possibility have not yet been discovered on earth. It was the delight of Jesus to do just this: "God's will." Some consecrated souls have achieved great things in holiness. Aside from the Master, no one has yet fully attained, not even the great apostle, who was ever striving after. There is still room at the top for those who would do whatever he wills.

It is ours to keep on trying to do God's will perfectly. Alone, we certainly never can. How far towards the golden goal he will sweep on our consecrated endeavors we may never know. We can not limit God. "All things are possible to him that believeth." The ideal is no mirage, not tantalizing illusion, no fatuous "will-o-the-wisp." It is attainable, else it would not be an ideal at all. God's son once reached it. Some day he may permit other sons to climb the sunlit heights.

"Whatever" means all duties—those which relate to God and these to man. God likes to have us honor him, acknowledge our debt, be thankful and worshipful. He desires a father's rights, and expects his sons to accord him his rights in the minutest particulars. "Whatever," therefore, implies the perfect fulfillment of our duties toward God. This we promise to try to reach. There dropped out of a book sent to the writer's desk recently a card with this injunction in large, plain type, "Keep right with God." Certainly, this is one of the just demands of the "whatever" of the subject. Yet, are we trying hard to do this? Do we faithfully observe times for communion with him? Are we quite "en rapport" with our Heavenly Father? Are our relations never strained or jangled?

"Whatever" includes duties to our fellow-men—all the responsibilities and obligations which we sustain to humanity; in a word, social service. Whatever Christ would have me do at home, on the street, in the market-place, the counting room, office, shop, farm, school, college, university, newspaper office, or pulpit. We face no human being, we approach no task, cherish no dream or purpose, but that, parallel with it, there is a wish of God. Do we ever seek to know that will? Do we always seek to know it? Alas, how many times

we forget! There is a hymn which expresses the right attitude in all these particulars.

"There's surely somewhere a lowly place
In earth's harvest-field so wide
Where I may labor through life's short day
For Jesus the crucified;
So trusting my all to thy tender care,
And knowing thou lovest me,
I ll do thy will with a heart sincere;
I'll be what you want me to be."

What sublimity there is in the grand thought that man may do God's will! How precious to be linked with deity in any enterprise! and how unspeakably precious in that vast enterprise of developing his kingdom in the world! We glow with satisfaction over being associated with noble-minded men in earthly enterprises. How much greater the privilege to be co-workers with God! If it be the crowning proof of submissive discipleship in time of trial to say, "Not my will, but thine, be done," how glorious the privilege of victorious achievement with God! How thrilling and transcendent the lofty and triumphant cry of the Christ, "I and my Father are one!"

Church News.

California.

Oakland, First.—There were seventeen additions to the church membership Sunday, ten being on profession of faith.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—Ten persons were welcomed into the fellowship of Pilgrim Church last Sunday, two of which number came on confession of their faith. The Sunday-school in this church has reached the largest attendance in its history.

Avalon.—It would be indeed hard to suggest any improvement upon the industrial meeting following our peoples' responsive Thanksgiving service on the evening of November 24. The box (of the usual good value) overflowed into a second box; the $5.00 to go with the box to Bethlehem Church, was contributed; and the men, as opportunity offered, took part in a breezy debate.

Pasadena, First.—Seven persons were received at the last communion. The Women's Church Aid Society held a sale recently, from which over $315 were realized for the furnishing fund of the new church. An Intermediae Christian Endeavor Society has been organized, and the older society has reorganized into a Senior Christian Endeavor., whose aim shall be to put into active service the training of past years. Its especial work for the church will be to help the Sunday evening and Wednesday evening services.

Campbell.—Last Sunday was a great day for the Campbell church. The pastor's old college pastor, Secretary H. M. Tenney of the American Board, was with us. He gave a most inspiring address on the value of foreign missions. At the close he asked the church to increase its last year's offering by half. Instead the church gave $12 more than he asked for. This with what the Ladies' Missionary society, the young ladies and the pastor's class of high school girls and our Sunday-school gives, makes $159 for our foreign work this year.

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—The eighth annual meeting was held last week. The ladies served a New England supper to 170 members and invited guests while the orchestra played. The yearly reports showed an excellent record. The church has 223 members; 30 were received during the year and seven dismissed. The pastor has made 515 calls. For current expenses $1,250 was raised and a balance on hand. Over $1,100 collected for benevolences. The C. E. societies with a total membership of 129 are supporting a missionary in China and a boy student in India and contributing to many worthy benevolences. The Sunday-school has 221 enrolled. With enlarged quarters and the new class rooms it is well equipped to care for the continual increase in membership. The Church Missionary society and the Ladies' Social Union made a splendid showing for work and money raised. The new church building is nearing completion. It will probably be the middle of January before it is used Services are now being held in the Sunday-school room or chapel, as it is called.

Lodi.—Last summer this church decided upon a new departure in the collection of its benevolences. Heretofore it has followed the common custom of taking an offering every two months for one of the six societies. As an experiment, it was agreed that for six months this should be discontinued, and one general offering taken on the Sunday following Thanksgiving. A week preceding that date, the church committee sent out a circular to every family in the church, calling attention to the offering and enclosing collection envelopes. The result was very satisfactory, realizing over seventy-five dollars. Some gifts were specially designated for particular objects, and the rest the church committee divided, one-half to the American Board, one-fourth to A. M. A., and one-fourth to the Church Building Society. Under this arrangement, the California Home Missionary Society and the American Board each have an increase of ten per cent more than we gave last year, while the A. M. A. and C. B. S. have double last year's contribution. It is proposed next year to have two such offerings, one at Easter and one at Thanksgiving. Union Thanksgiving services were held this year in the Christian Church. Our pastor preached the sermon, from Micah vi: 6-8, on "The Acceptable Offering." A collection of eight dollars was sent to the National Anti-Saloon League. Pastor DeKay is preaching to good congregations, one-third to one-half being men, some strong evangelistic sermons. Two recent ones on "Receiving the Grace of God in Vain," and "Drifting," made a deep impression on the congregation.

Washington.

Sprague.—A unanimous call has been extended by the Port Angeles Church to Rev. G. H. Wilbur, of Sprague, to become its pastor. Mr. Wilbur has not yet made decision.

PUGET SOUND LETTER.

By Avondale.

On the evening of the 25th inst. the ladies of the First church, Tacoma, gave a reception to the pastor (Rev. E. T. Ford) and his bride. This church numbers amongst its members and adherents some of the most influential citizens. The new edifice, in a new and more central location (in regard to its membership) will, at no distant day, give all the necessary

modern conveniences for a grand and good work for the Master.

The Rev. W. W. Scudder, Home Missionary superintendent, preached on the 26th inst. at the East church, Tacoma, on the subject of Home Missionary work and outlook. He left for the dedication of a new church edifice at West Lake, Idaho. There is also another building ready for dedication at Kellogg, Idaho, whilst there is yet another to be consecrated at Three Lakes, Snohomish county, Wash. The last dedication was at Lopez Island, San Juan Archipelago, Nov. 6th, when $400 was raised towards the building fund. The last infants to be added to the family are the new organization at Meyer's Falls, Idaho, and the Plymouth Congregational church organized by Evangelist D. H. Reid and S. S. Missionary A. S. Johnson, at Lewiston, Idaho, with 31 members. Mr. Reid was very doubtful as to anything being accomplished here when he first undertook the work.

The Rev. H. B. Hendley has been compelled to enlarge his tabernacle; Plymouth church, Tacoma, is in a growing neighborhood and it must grow, too; "Small beginnings make great endings."

Glad to hear that correspondents have been posted up and down this state. The paper is small, but so were the big Easterners and Middle-Westerners one time, and not so far back either. Let every man do his level best to make The Pacific serve our Congregational interests all along the coast.

Tacoma, Nov. 30th, 1904.

THE WORK AT SAN LORENZO.

The Christian Union church of San Lorenzo has seen a more prosperous era in its history than at the present time. For several years by death and removals the membership has been in a process of decreasing. And when the pastor took hold of the work last May it was after the unfortunate absence of a regular pastor for twelve months. Although efficient supplies had worked faithfully the ranks were somewhat depleted. Since then the work, we hope, is slowly advancing. The "Boys' Club," whose members are now young men, has been reorganized. They have a club and basket-ball room and tennis courts; they recently gave a three-act comedy-drama to a crowded house, and last June they put electric lights in the church and parsonage at a cost of $85.

A Junior C. E. has been organized and maintained. There is in addition to regular Junior work, sewing for the girls and flower gardening for the boys.

A young people's society called a Christian Endeavor has been organized and now has 18 active, enthusiastic members. We have adopted our own pledge and in connection with a short, earnest devotional service we are pursuing a line of theological study quite independent of regular C. E. work. We have done this under the strong conviction that the C. E. topical lessons are stilted and mechanical and in no sense supply the living, vital demands of the times. The young people are intensely and devoutly interested. By unanimous consent we meet after the 7 o'clock preaching service Sunday evenings that we may run over time when the interest demands, and it usually does.

The pastor is preaching exegetical sermons from the book of Acts on Sunday mornings and a special sermon to the children every six weeks. On Sunday evenings a series of stereopticon lectures on "The Life of Christ" are being delivered.

Since May 1st seven have united with the church, five on confession of faith and two by letter. The Bay Association meets here Dec. 13th. We know it will be a source of inspiration and suggestive helpfulness to our church. We welcome you, delegates, one and all.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Bay Association meets at San Lorenzo next Tuesday.

The Rev. John D. Habbick, of Oleander, was in San Francisco last week on his way to Ferndale, where he has accepted a call to the pastorate.

Next Monday, the Rev. E. O. Tade will speak at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity concerning Dr. Marcus Whitman and the Oregon country.

Our church at Palto Alto has been strengthened in its forces by the acquisition of Mr. Eli King and family, who went there recently from San Jose. Mr. King is cashier of a bank at Palo Alto, and has been made treasurer of the Congregational Church building fund.

"WHATSOEVER A MAYOR SOWETH."

The gang of saloon gamblers and grafters are fairly rioting in this city and the end is not yet. The Mayor, not of the Puritans, not of the straight-laced people, but of the gamblers whose right to loot society bears his honorable signature is reported to have said for public print the following: "The books and accounts show that gambling has been carried on at an immense profit; that the corruption fund, termed the Gambling Society's License, has been collected, and that the money has passed through the hands of the men who, according to the information I received some time ago, according to the information I received some time ago, were entrusted with the work of blackmailing the gamblers. This investigation will be continued as vigorously as possible, and I feel that it will result in a more definite understanding of the conditions that have so long disgraced the city. Open and notorious gambling must cease and the criminal element must be suppressed; blackmail and murder shall no longer become occupations in the city of San Francisco if I have power to prevent it."

"As possible" means a great deal. Where are those scamps who conducted the Civil Service "examination," when all the questions were in the possession of the "examined"? The hand of the administration is paralyzed because it committed a crime against civil society by signing a wicked ordinance licensing the monstrous gambling plant, Ingleside. A man may talk and prate about reform, but he cannot reverse himself.

Against the judgment and advice of the merchant class, the upright citizenship of San Francisco, the Mayor sowed these dragon teeth. He has conjured up evil spirits which he cannot allay. This is the reign of the saloons. This pitiable whimper, this bid for public sympathy, this ostentatious attack on the Joss houses in Chinatown, is the old story worked off on the public to throw dust in the eyes of the people and to divert attention from the roaring, booming current of crime raging in this city.—California Christian Advocate.

The delights of thought, of truth, of work, and of well doing will not descend upon us like the dew upon the flower, without effort of our own. Labor, watchfulness, perseverance, self-denial, fortitude, are the elements of which this kind of joy is formed.—S. C. Jones.

It is
ROYAL
Baking
Powder
that makes the
Delicious Biscuit,
Griddle Cake
and Doughnut

AN ABOLITION DOG.—A TRUE STORY.

In 1854, a farmer down in Southern Indiana was given, by a friend in Madison, a large, handsome dog of Newfoundland and bull-terrier origin. He was intelligent, courageous, and became at once attached to farm-life and specially to the children of the home. There was no romp too rough for Carlo, for that was his name. All he asked was the privilege to go with the children to every field of sport. His only fault was intolerance of common curs. In the sumer of 1856, when every "black abolitionist" was shouting for Fremont, this farmer's wife made a flag of such "red, white and blue" as her resources could afford, and the lads in the home, accompanied by this faithful, kindly laughing, frolicking dog, went to the woods, the thicket, and selected a fine poplar pole, tall and straight, to be erected in front of the farm house to bear the flag. The raising of a flagpole in those days was a great event. The Democrats always used the hickory tree and the Republicans, or Abolitionists, the poplar. In this way the politics of the community could be noted without inquiry. It took some courage in those days to raise a poplar pole. The slavery issue was being sharply drawn.

The poplar pole was raised and the flag was unfurled, amid the shouts and racing around of the half-dozen "black abolition" boys in a general mix-up with the dog, that believed himself to be the center and inspiration of the joyous occasion.

In the midst of this hilarious scene of "abolition" joy and defiance to the prevailing public sentiment of the neighborhood, along came a good-natured Democrat, full of frolic and a great friend of the farmer, and particularly of the children, and, in a jocular way, seized the ax and made at the pole as though he would cut it down. Of course, the young "abolition" boys raised a wild howl in protest, and Carlo sprang upon the Democratic neighbor in the most ferocious manner, tearing his clothes, and, in spite of the farmer's commanding tones and active interference, continued the fight until the Democratic neighbor left the yard.

This made such an impression on the dog's patriotism that it was never safe for any one to strike or play roughly about that poplar pole in Carlo's presence, and for ten years, throughout the entire civil war, that particular Democratic neighbor could never approach the farm house without a savage protest from the "Abolition" dog.

THE LOWER LIGHTS.

"I don't believe I'll go to church today," said Ruth one Sunday morning at the breakfast table. "Somehow I don't feel like it, and nobody will ever know the difference whether I'm there or not."

"My dear," said Aunt Margaret, "I've often heard you singing, 'Let the lower lights be burning.' I wonder if you know the story that suggested it?"

"No," answered Ruth, "I never so much as heard that there was one."

"Some years ago a steamer in a terrific gale was trying to make the harbor of Cleveland, Ohio. There are two lights at the entrance of the harbor, one the upper light on the bluffs of the shore, the other the lower light on a bar at the other side of the entrance. The pilot peered out anxiously to catch a glimpse of the friendly lights, and presently caught sight of the upper one. But that alone was not sufficient; he must also see the other to know just where to go. But for some reason it was not lighted on time. Beaten by wind and wave, the steamer staggered on as best she could, while the hearts of all on board trembled with fear. If she missed the entrance, there was little hope of her escaping the rocks. Suddenly the lower light appeared, but, alas! it was too late—the steamer had missed the entrance, and in the attempt to turn about, went down with all on board.

"I suppose," said Ruth, with a laugh, "you mean that even if I am in the very back seat, it is my duty to be there in my place?"

"You remember George Eliot's poem of the violin maker, who said if he did not make the very best violin possible for him to make, God would miss the music? If we are not each one of us faithfully doing our duty, be it small or great, there is silence or discord where there might have been music. More than that, our lives are bound together—we must needs lift up those about us or drag them down. We are bidden to sow our seed at all times, for we know not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good. The cobbler, as I once heard a minister say, could not paint a picture, but he could tell Appelles that the shoe tie was not right, and so might help towards making the beautiful picture perfect." — Zion's Herald.

LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELF.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "I was often very idle, and used to play during the lessons with other boys as idle as myself. One day we were fairly caught by the master. 'Boys,' he said, 'you must not be idle; you must attend closely to your books. The first one of you who sees another boy idle will please come and tell me.'

" 'Ah,' I thought to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like; I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell the teacher.'

"It was not long until I saw Joe look off his book, and I went up at once to tell the master.

" 'Indeed,' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'

" 'I saw him,' said I.

" 'You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?'

"I was caught, and the other boys laughed, and I never watched for idle boys again."

If we watch over our conduct, and try to keep it right, and always do our duty, we will not have time to watch for faults or idleness in others. This will keep us out of mischief, and make us helpful to others.—Our Young Folks.

A Prayer.

I ask not
When shall the day be done, and rest come on,
I pray not
That soon from me the "curse of toil" be done;
I seek not
A sluggard's couch with drowsy curtain drawn.

But give me
Time to fight the battle out as best I may;
And give me
Strength and place to labor still at evening's gray;
Then let me
Sleep as one who toiled afield through all the day.

—Selected.

"Biffton didn't know when he was well off." "He didn't?" "No; his saddlehorse threw him yesterday, and the fall knocked him senseless."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sunday-School Lesson.

Edwin Francis Brown.

Lesson XII. December 18th.

REVIEW OF THE FOURTH QUARTER.

Golden Text: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve" (Luke ix: 8).

Daily Home Readings.

M. The Widow's Oil Increased (II Kings iv: 1-7).

T. Elisha and the Shunammite (II Kings iv: 25-37).

W. Elisha and Naaman (II Kings v: 1-14).

T. Elisha at Dothan (II Kings vi: 8-23).

F. Joash Repairs the Temple (II Kings xii: 4-15).

S. Hezekiah Reopens the Temple (II Chron. xxix: 18-31).

S. Captivity of the Ten Tribes (II Kings xvii: 6-18).

Quarterly Survey.

The lessons for the quarter deal largely with two prophets—Elisha and Isaiah—and two kings—Joash and Hezekiah. Other names are mentioned, but only incidentally. As the successor of the stern, rigid, rugged Elijah, Elisha wore the prophet's mantle with calm dignity. And yet, the spirit of rebuke was with him also and like his predecessor he sought to turn the tide of idolatry and apostacy, which was sweeping over the nation. His keen, spiritual vision enabled him to discern the impending crisis in the affairs of the nation. But also, like Elijah, he was loyal to his King. On one occasion he preserved his life, and by his kindness of heart, won the good will of Syria's king, a circumstance which put an end to the petty expeditions into the territory of Israel. The two miracles he performed, namely, the restoration of the Shunammite's dead child and the curing of Naaman's leprosy, demonstrated the supernatural power at his command.

Isaiah, the other prophet involved, confined his labors to Judah, the southern kingdom. Unlike Elisha, he performed no miracles, but with earnestness and enthusiasm besought the people to forsake their sins and turn again to God. According to his testimony, Judah was a nation of ingrates, wholly unworthy the benefits Jehovah had been bestowing through all the years of its history. For that reason Judah, like its neighbor, was doomed to destruction. Opportunities unnumbered had been given to repent, but idolatry continued to increase, and Isaiah, together with other prophets, had been treated only with contempt.

Through the indifference of the nation itself, and because it had been the object of plunder on the part of other nations, the temple at Jerusalem had fallen into a state of utter dilapidation. The walls were broken, the sacred utensils were set aside, the altars were displaced, and in a general way the house of God became insuited as a place of worship. Joash, the boy king, so cleverly preserved by Jehosheba and Jehoiada, the high priest, undertook to repair the temple and make it once more the concentrating point of Hebrew worship. Hezekiah, about a hundred and fifty years later, repaired it again, making a great effort to reorganize the nation on righteous lines. It was about that time that the northern kingdom, or Israel, was carried into captivity by the king of Assyria.

The central theme of the quarter's lessons is the disintegrating effect of sin upon the two nations. Idolatry, apostacy, drunkenness, and many other national iniquities gnawed their way into the very hearts of Israel and Judah, and when the testing time came there was no power for resistancy.

The Great Guest.

"I stand at the door and knock; if any man will hear my voice, and open the door, I will come to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. iii: 20.

O soul of mine, He stands in gentle waiting,
Who came, love laden, with the morning's brim;
And the low evening sinks its golden plating:
Arise, and hasten to open unto Him!

Upon His brow the burning noon hath broken—
And all that brow hath harm of thorns for thee;
His pierced hands have lifted their sad token
Upon the panels, and thou dost not see!

His Father's house hath grace beyond thy knowing—
The angels serve Him when He sitteth there;
And none have told the sorrow of the going,
When He did leave it for this tender care.

Open, my soul, nor longer stay the choosing,
Else He must turn, to seek His joy again;
Open, nor wait to thine infinite losing
Of his dear love, to know infinite pain.

Bring water for His suffering feet, and bend thee
To help the wounds the cruel way hath made;
Give fragrant oils the willing earth doth lend thee,
And set the couch, with thy best weaving laid.

And He shall sup with thee; and all the sweetness
The Blest Ones have from Him shall fall on thee;
And thou shalt know, my soul, the righteous meetness
Of service for so gracious Company.

Till morning breaks He shall bide with His dear one;
And when it comes from out the waiting East,
Then from thy house, with Him to be thy Near One,
Thou shalt go forth, all strengthened from thy feast.

—J. E. Cutter.

Riverside, California.

At Lanchau in Kansu, China, is a farmer who has long been convinced of the truth; and none the less because it urged him to stop raising poppies whose opium brought him much money. This year, after he had planted his fields as usual, some strange power showed him what manner of man he is that will not surrender to Jesus because it costs to do so. Then one morning he took a grim determination that materialized in the form of a harrow and ripped up his opium fields. There is now one more happy Chinese church-member at Lanchau.

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Shall We Lower the Bars?

"If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." 1 John ii: 15.

Shall we lower the bars and let them in?
The whirling dance, with its oft-timed sin;
Could we ask our Lord to join us there?
Do you think he in the dance would share?

The card, wih its fascinating charm,
Luring its victims on to harm;
Leading so oft to the gambling-den—
That trap of death to unwary men?

And the play-house, with its brazen glare—
Should we find our "Father's business" there?
Would our Master join the giddy throng,
With its vulgar jest, and its ribald song?

Would it speed the coming of our King,
Into the Church the world to bring?
For the Church he suffered, bled, and died;
And he by the world was crucified.

The Church is his temple, so he said—
Should she drop the bars the world to wed?
"Unequally yoked" they would surely be,
For the Church and the world cannot agree.

Nay, nay! We must never yield our stand,
Nor give to the world a welcome hand.
"Dead unto sin," "in newness of life,"
We must shun the paths where sin is rife.

'Tis Satan's device to bring them in,
To lure the weak into ways of sin;
And with glowing tints he paints his lair—
Beware, O Christian! Beware! Beware!

The "road" for the Church of Christ is straight,
But ever leadeth to heaven's gate;
And pleasures the sweetest there abound;
No joys like these in the world are found.
Shall we lower the bars?
—Jennie Wilson Howell.

There are 500,000,000 nominal Christians in a total world's population of 1,500,000,000. The task of Christianizing this one billion five hundred millions of people should not leave the different branches of the church much time or inclination for squabbling among themselves.

At the next station a furious mob was assembled. The air was filled with missiles and hoarse shouts.

"A lynching!" I exclaimed, in horror.

"Either that," rejoined my companion, who, as I afterwards learned, while not an American himself, had closely observed the customs of the country, "or else a newly married couple are about to depart on their bridal tour."

Anyway, it was fascinating, in a manner.—Life.

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If duty becomes laborious, do it more frequently; if doubt disturb and torture, face them with more earnest thought and deeper study; if love becomes a source of care and pain, love more nobly and more tenderly.—James Martineau.

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